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LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A DRAMA.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GEORGE II., KING OF ENGLAND.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

LORD MARCH.

LORD STAIR.

SIR PAUL METHUEN.

SOLOMAN DAYROLLES.

EDMOND HOYLE.

JOHN, A SERVANT.

CATHERINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.

DUCHESS OF HALIFAX.

LADY GERTRUDE HOTHAM.

LADY FANNY SHIRLEY.

MISS FITZWILLIAMS.



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ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Hague—On the Forault.*

*Enter* LORD STAIR AND SIR PAUL METHUEN.

LORD S. It is the same old song, Chesterfield, Chesterfield, Chesterfield. Everything that is said, done or thought is credited to him. and now to cap it all comes this news that the king is considering him for Secretary of State.

S. P. M. My Lord, you are jealous.

LORD S. Oh, damn it, Sir Paul, a man of your sense ought to know jealousy from disgust.

S. P. M. By George, I do, my Lord. I thought you would see I was only joking.

LORD S. What has he ever done to merit such promotion? What ability has he ever shown? Compare him to you and me. Has he done as much as conclude the treaty of Madrid? No. You and I have both spent years in the service of our country—and there are scores of others. And yet the king will disregard a forest of giant oaks and select a sapling to lean upon. Do I exaggerate?

S. P. M. Not in the least, my Lord, upon my soul.

LORD S. A sapling because it bows to every breeze. What are my Lord's qualifications? A pair of easy bending knees, an ever present smile and a sugar-coated tongue. We serve our country and deserve honor at the hands of the King, my Lord Chesterfield flatters his majesty's mistress and obtains honor. I tell you, Sir Paul, in courts the hypocrite outruns the honest man.

S. P. M. But he has not been appointed yet.

LORD S. No. And if my efforts can avail me anything he will not be. The Queen, as you know, will do all she can against him. Her hatred is that of a woman slighted—which as you know can never be abated. Lord Harrington will help me, I know, and if I am not misinformed the Duke of Newcastle will object to my Lord Chesterfield as his partner.

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S. P. M. I think you have the game very well in hand. In truth, I see no chance to lose.

Lord S. You forget, Sir Paul, this game, as others, is not out untill it's played out. But while they are busy there we must not be idle here. My Lord's failure to conclude the treaty would aid us greatly. We might be able to spoil the pastry.

S. P. M. My Lord is to receive to-morrow night, does he expect you?

Lord S. Oh yes, indeed, my Lord's politeness is his winning card. I would rather be in hell for just that length of time, but I will have to go to disarm suspicion.

S. P. M. I am afraid my Lord smells a mouse already.

Lord S. I'll throw the scent if possible. By Jove, I have it. I'll toast him as our next Secretary of State.

S. P. M. By George, my Lord, that is good. You are sly—devilish sly. But we must be going.

Lord S. There comes two of my Lord's worshippers now.

S. P. M. On their way to morning service, I suppose.

*Enter LORD MARCH and EDWARD HOYLE.*

My Lord, good morning. Edward, I salute you. By George, upon my soul, you both look happy.

Hoyle. And why shouldn't we look happy and be happy? We've just had a bottle of wine and are going after another one.

Lord S. In that case we will not stop you. Come on, Sir Paul.

Lord M. You'll sup with the Baroness to-night?

Lord S. Oh, yes, I suppose so, we usually go to the devil before we go to bed.

Hoyle. There goes a pair of knaves.

Lord M. I don't dispute your word, in fact, I think I would use a stronger word. But, by George, yonder goes one of the graces

Hoyle. Fat and forty but by no means fair.

Lord M. She is positively hideous.

Hoyle. And yet it was only yesterday I saw her smiling at my Lord Doddington, who was pouring a lot of flattery in her ear, or rather her mouth, for she had that wide open.

Lord M. My dear Hoyle, if you had studied human nature you would not wonder at that. God never formed a woman ugly enough be insensible to flattery. But, there goes another style of ugliness. My Lady Gordon is ugly because nature made her so, but Miss Bellenden is ugly artificially.

Hoyle. What would you say she resembled?

Lord M. Nothing—absolutely nothing. An allwise Providence never made anything resembling a self-made woman.

Hoyle. A camel with peacock plumage would approach it, I think.

Lord M. Only approximately. Upon my soul I think if God made women the shape they make themselves, they would all be ribald atheists.

Hoyle. Yonder comes my Lord Chesterfield with his blue ribbon and star.

(They speak to him.)

I knew he would speak to us.

Lord M. Yes, and I would back the old boy for taking his hat off against the whole kingdom and France either. He has not changed the shape of that hat for twenty years. Look at it. There it goes again.

Hoyle. This time to his charming cousin.

Lord M. Do you see that great big, awkward, pock-marked, snuff colored man who hardly touches his clumsy beaver in reply? Damn his confounded impudence. Do you know who that is.

Hoyle. No, curse him, who is he?

Lord M. It's one Johnson, a dictionary maker, about whom my Lord Chesterfield wrote some capital papers when his dictionary was coming out to patronize the fellow. I know they were capital. I heard Horry Walpole say so, and he knows all about that kind of thing. Confound the impudent school master.

Hoyle. Hang him, he ought to stand in a pillory. •

Lord M. The fat man he is walking with is another of your writing fellows—a printer—his name is Richardson, he wrote "Clarissa," you know.

Hoyle. By Jove, I thought your dictionary maker would

touch the ground to that bow-legged old gentleman in the pearl colored suit. I'll swear he almost lost his balance.

Lord M. That is my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, the cock of the walk among your preaching fellows.

Hoyle. I understand my Lord Bishop will brook no criticism.

Lord M. He is like other preachers in that respect. They all seem to consider a criticism of themselves an insult to the Almighty. But is it possible that the Countess and Lady Gertrude are coming to speak to us?

Hoyle. It looks that way, indeed.

Lord M. This is an instance of the mountain going to Mohammed.

Hoyle. A pair of them I think, my Lord.

*Enter* COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH *and* LADY GERTRUDE HOTHAM.

My dear Countess, we bid both you and Lady Gertrude a pleasant morning.

Countess. You are just the parties we were looking for.

Lord M. We feel highly honored, I assure you.

Countess. My Lord Chesterfield and Dayrolles had to leave us to attend to some business, so we thought we would take you up.

Hoyle. It seems that our selection was from necessity—not from choice. But then, my Lord, it is better to be the second choice of some than the first choice of others.

Countess. My dear Edmond, that was very well said. You are not near the fool you look.

Hoyle. I am sorry madam I cannot return the compliment.

Lady Gertrude. A truce to your bickerings, some of the strangers will take you for husband and wife.

Countess. My dear Gertrude, you should never attempt sarcasm—you are too nervous to properly handle the weapon.

Lady Gertrude. It is better to be too nervous than too clumsy.

Lord M. I beg you both to desist. A scene in a public place would be disgraceful.

Countess. My Lord, you have become very considerate of late.

Lord M. I owe it to the company.

Lady Gertrude. Have you seen my Lord Chesterfield this morning?



Lord M. Not to talk to him. Is there any news.

Lady Gertrude. A letter from the Duke of Bedford reports opposition to his appointment.

Lord M. And pray, who opposes.

Countess. My Lord did not name the source.

Lord M. I must see him and find out. We can stop that. For every check there is a checkmate given.

Countess. My Lord, don't leave us so suddenly. We are on our way to the corner for a lunch. I am going to London in a day or so to see his Majesty and do a little checkmating on my own account. It would be easy sailing if it wasn't for that vixen of a wife of his. But it is not the first time she and I have asked for the same thing, and it probably won't be the last. Come on, I'll stand the treat and charge it to his Majesty.

*(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II. *Room of Lord Chesterfield.*

*Present--DAYROLLES. Enter--JOHN.*

John. My Lord Chesterfield presents his compliments and says he will join you presently.

*(Exit.)*

*Enter LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

Day. My Lord, good morning. I feared I would be too early.

Lord C. It is my custom to rise with the lark.

Day. And to retire after it.

Lord C. I did last night, but I had good company.

Day. And a good supper—a little too much wine, perhaps—but on the whole a good supper.

Lord C. I thought you were a little partial to the wine. In fact, I feared when we parted that you would not reach home.

Day. I always stop in good season. I lost my heart one

time and my fortune another, but I make it a rule never to lose my head.

Lord C. That is just like you Dayrolles, you always were a stickler for trifles.

Day. I only drank two bottles of wine. My Lord Melville told me of an occasion when he disposed of seven bottles. What do you think of that?

Lord C. Out of charity I would believe him a liar—otherwise I must think him a beast.

Day. Speaking of beasts reminds me of my Lord Stair and Sir Paul Methuen. I have a suspicion that they are doing what they can to keep the treaty from being concluded.

Lord C. What makes you think so?

Day. My evidence probably would not convict them before a perfectly impartial court.

Lord C. A perfectly impartial court, Dayrolles, is a theory—nothing more—let us have the evidence.

Day. On two occasions since yesterday at noon I have seen my Lord Stair with the Pensionary. Heretofore, as you know, he has scarcely noticed him in passing.

Lord C. A circumstance at least. Anything further?

Day. Nothing except my Lord Stair and Sir Paul seem to be together even more than usual.

Lord C. Knowing them both I could hardly say that was a circumstance. They must associate with each other if they associate at all, and you know man is a gregarious animal.

Day. And yet I would urge promptness. Do you meet to-day?

Lord C. No, not to-day. The Count was not well on yesterday and I feared he would be worse to-day.

Day. Nothing serious, I hope.

Lord C. No, nothing in particular, only a headache or dizziness.

Day. I would not suppose that would interfere.

Lord C. Never transact business with a sick man is a good rule to follow. In our particular business one rash word might undo six months' work. Those who suppose that men act

rationally because they are rational beings know very little of the world. The Count if he pricks his finger with a pin is out of humor—much more so when he overloads his stomach.

Day. You believe then that a man's head must be reached through his stomach?

Lord C. Perhaps not as you put it, Dayrolles, but I am fully convinced that the fate of an empire may depend upon the condition of a man's liver.

Day. Have you any further news from London?

Lord C. Yes, some very damaging evidence against our friends here.

Day. I had thought all along that my Lord Stair and Sir Paul were engaged in some low work.

Lord C. You could hardly expect them to do any other sort.

Day. No, to be sure, I could not. Sir Paul is a braggart and my Lord Stair a moral coward.

Lord C. An immoral one I should say. I am not surprised at the former for there is no record of Sir Paul having any parents, but my Lord Stair's father was a good man.

Day. But I've heard his mother was no angel.

Lord C. Which only goes to prove that virtue is not hereditary though vice is.

Day. But tell me my Lord, the source of your information.

Lord C. The Duke of Bedford.

Day. And how did he get it?

Lord C. My Lord Stair's half-witted brother blurted the whole matter out in a spree with Bedford and some others.

Day. Told the whole truth.

Lord C. Yes, from what Bedford says he must have told the whole truth. By George, Dayrolles, it is hard to say which is the biggest fool in this world, the man who tells the whole truth or the man who tells no truth at all. I do not think their scheme will work, however. The Countess has promised me to go to London, and then matters will right themselves. Between the Mistress and the Queen it is an open secret as to which stands highest in his Majesty's favor. But, by the way, Dayrolles, you will not fail me to-morrow night?

Day. No, indeed, my Lord. You may count on me. But who will be here?

Lord C. Only a few—to celebrate the King's birthday.

Day. How old is his Majesty?

Lord C. Don't ask, Dayrolles. Kings and women have birthdays but they never grow older.

Day. But who will be here?

Lord C. Well, to begin with, Lady Fanny Shirley.

Day. People say you begin with her and end with her.

Lord C. And some people prefer attending to other folk's business than their own—then the Countess, of course.

Day. The Countess and Lady Fanny Shirley. Who else?

Lord C. My charming cousin of Halifax, my sister, Gertrude and Miss Fitzwilliams, I think, concludes the list of fair ones. For the gentlemen, yourself and Hoyle, Lord March, Sir Paul Methuen and Lord Stair.

Day. My Lord, you will surely not invite them.

Lord C. I have already done so.

Day. Why, damn it, my Lord, they are a pair of contemptible little puppies.

Lord C. My dear Dayrolles, that is strong language. Libelous, I might say.

Day. And yet, my Lord, if the dogs don't object, they have no reason to do so. What guarantee have you that they will behave while here?

Lord C. We must trust ourselves for that. The best security we have against other people's ill manners is our own good-breeding. But, Dayrolles, my object is to disarm suspicion. Make them think we do not suspect them and they are much easier handled.

Day. My Lord, you may be right. But come, it's getting late and we have not had our walk.

Lord C. You will excuse me a moment.

Day. Certainly, my Lord.

*Exit* LORD CHESTERFIELD.

He may be right, but I wish it over with.

*Enter* LORD CHESTERFIELD

Lord C. What are you doing, Dayrolles?

Day. I was only thinking.

Lord C. Thinking—impossible—I don't believe it.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Hague. Room in Lord Chesterfield's House.*

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                   |                            |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Present. | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Countess of Yarmonth} \\ \text{Lady Gertrude Hotham} \\ \text{Lord March} \\ \text{Dayrolles.} \\ \text{Lord Chesterfield.} \end{array} \right\}$ | At table<br>playing whist. |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|

*Enter* JOHN.

John. The Duchess of Halifax.

*Enter* DUCHESS OF HALIFAX.

Duchess. My dear Lord, I am so glad to get here. I consider it both a pleasure and an honor.

Lord C. My dear cousin, you mistake. The pleasure is mine, the honor England's.

Duchess. Why, there is my dear Countess.

Lord C. At her usual game.

Duchess. The Countess says cards have kept us women from a great deal of scandal.

Lord C. Upon which question I think the Countess speaks advisedly.

Countess. That was a horrid hand. Only two trumps and those small ones.

Lady Gertrude. Down on your luck, as usual. You should remember, Countess, luck never runs with the beautiful.

Day. We got the odd trick anyway.

Lord M. And you ought to have made more.

Countess. How?

Lord M. By following the rule. Hearts was your strong suit. You led the ace of diamonds.

Lady Gertrude. My dear Countess that was not luck.

Countess. I never heard of such a rule.

Lady Gertrude. Oh, yes you have. "Lead from your strong suit, study your partner's hand and attend to the score."

Countess. There is no such rule.

Lady Gertrude. It is according to Hoyle.

Countess. I'll lay a half crown it is not.

Lady Gertrude. Done.

Duchess. I'll hold stakes.

Countess. And who will hold you?

Lord M. Leave that to Hoyle also.

Countess. Perhaps my Lord Chesterfield will settle it.

Lord C. I trust your grace will excuse me. Upon whist Hoyle is authority. I am not. Besides I would much rather arbitrate between nations than decide between women.

Duchess. Here comes Mr. Hoyle.

*Enter HOYLE and MISS FITZWILLIAMS.*

Hoyle. My dear Duchess I am so glad to see you.

Day. Edmond, you are just in time.

Hoyle. For what?

Countess. To settle a dispute, of course. Did we ever want you for anything else?

Lord M. Is there such a rule as "Lead from your strong suit, study your partner's hand and attend to the score?"

Hoyle. Most assuredly, one of the best established rules in whist.

Countess. Well, I never heard of it.

Lady Gertrude. My dear Countess, the error you make is a common one. You should not measure the science of whist by your own knowledge of the game. But you will pay my half crown?

Countess. Certainly I will. Did I ever fail to pay a bet. One would think that you had won half a kingdom. It's your deal. Do you intend to play or do you want to stop and enjoy your riches?

Lady Gertrude. My dear Countess, do contain yourself. The flush of anger is not your becoming color.

*Enter JOHN.*

John. My Lord Stair and Sir Paul Methuen.

*Enter LORD STAIR and SIR PAUL METHUEN.*

Sir Paul. My dear Lord, I must thank you for your kindness. I have not been so honored since the King of Spain gave a bull fight in my name. By Jove, upon my soul I have not! Why, there is your lovely cousin. I must speak to her. My dear Duchess, I make my most profound bow. By Jove, upon my soul I have not seen so pretty a sight since I left Madrid.

Duchess. Sir Paul, you flatter me.

Sir Paul. The truth is never flattery.

Duchess. Sir Paul, I have had trouble. I know you will console me.

Sir Paul. To be sure I will. What is it Duchess?

Duchess. But yesterday I lost my diamond brooch, a present from Lord Douglass, you remember.

Sir Paul. That is a trifle merely. You should not worry over it. A tallow dip would add no lustre to a moonbeam. You would look well without anything on.

Duchess. Oh, Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. I mean without any jewelry on.

Duchess. Oh, oh, my dear Sir Paul!

Countess. There, I supposed you had it. Did you have twelve or thirteen trumps that time, my dear?

Lady Gertrude. My dear Countess, don't get angry. I had only seven.

Countess. Indeed. I think you had your share.

Lord M. If I might suggest, Countess, you led your knave improperly.

Countess. Oh, I did? I suppose every one can teach me how to play this game? I led knave from king, queen, knave and seven spot.

Lord M. You lead the knave when you hold more than one small card.

Lady Gertrude. That is the rule.

Countess. I beg pardon, dear, but I prefer to have the question decided by an unbiased judge.

Day. Edmond.

Duchess. You will have to excuse Mr. Hoyle. He cannot come now. We are discussing the threatened war with France.

Lady Gertrude. But we insist upon his coming. Such trifles as war must wait. We are settling the laws of whist.

Duchess. In that case I suppose we will have to yield.

Countess. Edmond, what is the rule for leading king and knave?

Hoyle. From king, queen, knave and one small card lead king, from king, queen, knave and more than one small card lead knave.

Countess. You have changed the rule since we played last.

*Enter JOHN.*

John. Lady Fanny Shirley.

Hoyle. John is leading trumps now.

Duchess. Yes, in hearts.

*Enter LADY FANNY SHIRLEY.*

Lady Fanny. My dear Lord, am I late?

Lord C. The last.

Lady Fanny. Better late than never, they say.

Lord C. Best at any time, I say, in this instance.

Lady Fanny. My Lord.

*Exeunt LORD CHESTERFIELD and LADY FANNY SHIRLEY.*



Hoyle. My Lord is happy now.

Sir Paul. Upon my soul, I think he has good reasons to be so. Barring the ones present, I don't think God ever made a prettier woman.

Countess. Sir Paul, I think she shares your opinion.

Duchess. I wonder my Lady Chesterfield stands it. They say he divides his time equally between the two.

Countess. And pray if he divides it equally how can my Lady Chesterfield object?

Hoyle. My dear Dayrolles, you should remember that third hand with queen, ten, nine and one small card plays nine, not small one on partner's lead of ace.

Lord M. If my Lady Fanny had not come it would indeed have been a case of Hamlet without the melancholy prince.

Lady Gertrude. I think you had better say a melancholy prince without Ophelia.

Sir Paul. Speaking of Hamlet reminds me of the article in the Spectator of last week ascribing Shakespeare's plays to Bacon.

Hoyle. Some fool starts that story every century.

Day. I remember hearing my grandfather say he spoke to Sir Francis Bacon about that very thing.

Duchess. And what did Sir Francis reply?

Day. He simply shrugged his shoulders and said "give the devil his due."

Hoyle. That was the devil of answer. Oh, Heavens, my Lord!

Lord M. What is the matter?

Hoyle. You've trumped your partner's ace.

Countess. I may be wrong, but I thought it was customary for four only to play this game.

Hoyle. I humbly beg your pardon, Countess, I did not mean to interfere.

Lady Gertrude. We will play the rubber and stop.

Duchess. Sir Paul if you liked Madrid so, why did you leave?

Sir Paul. I had to leave because of a plot I discovered among the courtiers to kill me. But I don't blame them. By Jove,

upon my soul I don't! Every lady at court, and there must have been a thousand, was madly in love with me—and beautiful, great heavens! That is where the Creator showed his handiwork. Eyes that pierced the very soul of man, lips like red cut ruby, and faces—no, I will not try. There is no standard of comparison. Ah, but there was life there.

*Enter LORD CHESTERFIELD and LADY FANNY SHIRLEY.*

Sport that was royal. My Lord Chesterfield would shoot a dozen quail and call that sport, but we hunted beasts of prey. I remember one day just before sundown I killed three tigers and a lion—

Duchess. Oh, heavens!

Lady Fanny. Are you quite sure the count is correct, Sir Paul?

Sir Paul. Indeed it is, and the very next morning I killed four tigers and three lions.

Lord C. Oh, fie, Sir Paul, that was arrant poaching.

Sir Paul. But it is true, I'll swear it.

*Exeunt SIR PAUL and DUCHESS.*

Lady Fanny. Sir Paul is a peculiar man.

Lord C. Very peculiar. Were he to tell me the earth was round I would be constrained to doubt it.

Lady Fanny. He must be either a great fool or a great liar.

Lord C. Both, my Lady Fanny, both. The greatest fools are the greatest liars. I always judge a man's truth by his degree of understanding.

Lady Fanny. Then you would class Sir Paul with Ananias?

Lord C. And give Ananias second place.

*Enter LORD STAIR and MISS FITZWILLIAMS.*

Miss Fitz. Ah, my dear lord, you are just the person we are looking for. What do you think of Lady Annie Gordon's intended marriage to young Lord Castlemaine?

Lord C. I trust you'll excuse me. Opinions at best are unsafe, at times, dangerous.

Miss Fitz. Would you advise her to marry him?

Lord C. Indeed, I would not, nor would I advise her to marry anyone else. In matters of religion and matrimony I never give any advice, because I will not have anybody's torments in this world or the next laid to my charge.

Miss Fitz. I say the young lord is one of the biggest rakes in England.

Lady Fanny. And what has that to do with the marriage? You certainly can't expect ladies in England to marry virtuous men?

Lord S. And why not, Lady Fanny?

Lady Fanny. For the best of reasons, my lord. There are none.

Lord S. It's always that way. The woman is the angel—the man the devil. Without woman's help no man could be a rake.

Lady Fanny. I think some are born that way, my lord.

Lord S. Sampson had his Delilah, Anthony, his Cleopatra—

Lady Fanny. And Adam, his Eve.

Lord S. I thank you for the suggestion. Eve did cause Adam's fall.

Lady Fanny. She was deceived by the devil.

Lord S. There are no serpents now.

Lady Fanny. Perhaps not, my lord, but man has played the devil's part since then.

Lord S. Men are bold in what they do, women hide their sins. Pope expresses my sentiments when he says:

“Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is at heart a rake.”

Lady Fanny. And like Pope, my lord, you err in judging all womankind by those who prefer your company.

Lord C. Come, let's stop this keen encounter of our wits before its leads to bloodshed.

*Exeunt all but players.*

Lady Gertrude. That gives us the odd trick.

Lord M. And the odd game.

Lady Gertrude. Countess, you are doing better; with constant practice I think you'll learn in time.

Countess. I wish I could say as much for you, my dear.

Lady Gertrude. You could if you regarded the truth as lightly. But come, we'll dance awhile before the supper.

*Exeunt all.*

*Enter JOHN.*

John. (Taking up cards.) It is my deal, Sally. The gentlemen are always entitled to the deal. That is one of the higher laws of whist. (Deals.) My dear Sally, it is your play. Yes, hearts are trumps. You should remember that, but then I don't blame you. If the Countess of Yarmouth and the Duchess of Halifax and a thousand other ladies do not remember, I ought not to expect you to do so. Trumps are trifles to encumber woman's mind. Oh, my dear Sally! You ought to remember that the queen was the highest spade out. Always study your partner's hand—and your opponent's also, if you have a chance. You should not have led trumps out then. When hearts are trumps young ladies should be careful how they lead. Ah, that gives me the odd trick and the game.

*Exit John with table.*

SCENE II. *The Same. The Dining Hall.*

Present—Lord Chesterfield, Lord March, Lord Stair, Dayrolles, Hoyle, Sir Paul Methuen, Countess of Yarmouth, Duchess of Halifax, Lady Gertrude Hotham, Lady Fanny Shirley, and Miss Fitzwilliams, seated about table and John standing in background.

All have just finished drinking and Lord March is resuming his seat.

Hoyle. Well said my lord, excellently well said, upon my soul!

Sir Paul. The best thing I've heard since I returned to England, upon my soul, I swear it is!

Lady Fanny. I really think I shall have to put it in my memoirs. Edmond it is your turn now.

Hoyle. (Rising.) What shall it be?

Countess. Anything or nothing, as you please.

Hoyle. Then here is to woman—place that subject under which head you please. What do the poets say of her?

Shakespeare says:

“All that life can rate, worth name of life,  
In thee hath estimate.”

And Milton:

“O, fairest of creation!  
Last and best of all God's works.”

And Otway adds:

“O, woman, lovely woman; nature made thee  
To temper man; we had been beasts without you.”

But every rose has its thorns. Listen to Pope and Southey. I quote the first:

“And yet believe me, good as well as ill,  
Woman's at best a contradiction still.”

And the second echoes:

“Three things a wise man will not trust,  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day and woman's  
plighted troth.”

Dryden strikes a medium, listen!

“As for women, though we scorn and flout 'em,  
We may live with—but cannot live without 'em.”

I call her the fancy work in God's scheme of creation—the border line between humanity and divinity.

Here is to woman, who may be found at the head of everything that is good—and at the bottom of everything that is evil. (They drink.)

Sir Paul. Excellent, upon my soul!

Countess. Edmond, that was neat, 'twas wondrous neat—for you.

Duchess. You spoiled a good toast by one sentence.

Lady Fanny. You ruined the pudding, Edmond, with a pinch of salt.

Hoyle. I meant no offense ladies, I assure you.

Lady Fanny. My lord, we wait your toast.

Lord C. (Rising.) I give you our gracious king. (All rise.) May he have long life, health, happiness and loyal subjects. (They drink.)

Lord S. And I add, wisdom to name our generous host his next Secretary of State.

Day. I think you had better let some other give that toast.

Lord S. What do you mean by that?

Day. I mean you are not sincere or else you've changed front since yesterday.

Lord S. You are beneath my notice, but if my Lord Chesterfield's seconds your insult, I'll answer him in this way.

(Attempts to throw a glass of wine in Lord Chesterfield's face, and is stopped by Dayrolles.)

Lord C. Dayrolles, I beg you to desist. My Lord Stair is my guest. John, fill my lord's glass.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. King's Comal Chamber.*

*Present—THE KING and QUEEN.*

Queen. But tell me, what he has to recommend him.

King. However much you may belittle and berate him, I regard him as a man of many virtues.

Queen. A man of many virtues. That is the first time I ever heard such a thing charged to him—or to any other man in England.

King. Virtue is supposed to be an attribute of women only and perhaps rightly so, but I did not use the word in its narrow sense.

Queen. Then perhaps you will name these virtues, or if they are too numerous, at least a few of them.

King. To begin with, he is a man of excellent manners.

Queen. I grant you that. His gloves are always new and folded properly, his wig is newly powdered, his clothes as spotless as an infant virgin, his shoes without a blemish. His bows are always the same, his smile quite broad enough to please the most sensitive, his words chosen with the precision of clock work. But do manners make the man? Is England to be governed by a tailor's model?

King. I think you quite misjudge my Lord Chesterfield.

Queen. I think I judge him as correctly as yourself.

King. Has my lord done anything to make you jealous?

Queen. I do not think I have cause to be jealous of him. I leave that to others.

King. What do you mean?

Queen. I mean my Lord Chesterfield is careful not to offend in any way.

King. I was sure of that. The knowledge of the man assured me of that fact.

Queen. The cause for his dismissal should be more weighty than mere jealousy.

King. That is my opinion also.

Queen. You have promised me to ask his resignation.

King. He is one I cannot do without.

Queen. Cannot do without. The King of England dependent on a man. I won't believe it. Had any other person said that I would call it treason.

King. You are quite too generous. My lord is a great help. His opinions are sober, sound and satisfactory.

Queen. And you do not intend to keep your promise, then?

King. What promise?

Queen. To dismiss my Lord Chesterfield.

King. I do not think I shall.

Queen. I have read that kings make promises to break them.  
I have thought you an exception to the rule.

King. I made no such promise.

Queen. You did.

King. Where was it made and when?

Queen. On yesterday in this very room.

King. I did not make it.

Queen. 'Tis bad enough to break a promise, 'tis worse to deny all knowledge of it, but kings are like other men—a little flattery, a little fawning and their most determined purposes are as chaff.

King. I say I did not make the promise. That should end it.

Queen. Lying ill becomes a King of England.

King. By Jove! Do you know to whom you speak?

Queen. I know full well.

King. Then have a care, some things I will not stand.

Queen. You are very brave when talking to a woman.

King. I caution you again. Remember I am a King.

Queen. And I am a Queen.

King. But I am your sovereign.

Queen. And I am your wife. May it please your grace I'll talk to you again. As to our rank I think the honors even.

*Exit QUEEN.*

King. By Jove, upon my soul, I did well to hold my own in that—and I am not so sure I held it. I would rather charge a battery than undertake to stop a woman's tongue. But I like her for it. By Jove, upon my soul, I am prouder of her than I ever was before. She is every inch a Queen. But why should she hate Lord Chesterfield? It is surely not jealousy and yet jealousy is the only basis of a woman's hate.

*Enter LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

Lord C. May it please your grace, I hope I don't intrude.

King. Not in the least, my Lord. You are very welcome.  
What can I do for you?



Lord C. That depends on what your grace will do. You might appoint George Stanhope, colonel, you might make the Bishop of Killaloe Bishop of Waterford, but these I did not come to urge; I have other matters.

King. And what are they, my Lord?

Lord C. The manner in which the Duke of Newcastle is acting is becoming quite unbearable.

King. In what respect, my Lord?

Lord C. May it please your grace it is not quite reputable. We have joint powers and yet he and my Lord Sandwich, who as you know full well is at the Hague, carry on a secret correspondence concerning matters purely public.

King. My Lord do you complain of such a thing as this?

Lord C. I do.

King. It seems to me to be beneath your notice.

Lord C. Ordinarily it would be, but some of these matters they arrange are quite distasteful to a great many of the best people, others are ill-timed and unstatesmanlike. May it please your grace, I protest. I can no longer take my share of the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no voice.

King. If such is the case the practice must be stopped. I will look into it at once.

Lord C. You need not let them know that I objected. It would do no good.

King. None in the least and might provoke. By Jove, there is the Countess!

*Enter COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.*

Countess. I hope I do not intrude.

King. Indeed, you do not. Does she, my Lord?

Lord C. On the contrary, I think you are quite welcome.

Countess. I feared you would be considering questions touching the welfare of the kingdom.

King. Matters of state can be put off. People can be serious at any time.

Lord C. His grace, I think, reverses the old order of business first, pleasure afterwards.

King. It is the privilege of a King.

Countess. And one of which they are very jealous.

Lord C. If you will excuse me, I have some other matters to look after.

Ling. With the greatest of pleasure, my Lord.

Countess. Only upon condition that you will soon return. King's become tiresome when seen everyday.

Lord C. I accept the condition with all my heart.

*Exit LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

Countess. There goes an excellent man. What good taste your grace displayed in choosing him.

King. If I remember right, he was urged by some one.

Countess. I cannot deny the soft impeachment. In fact, I am quite proud of the part I played. My Lord Chesterfield is misunderstood by many. He is a man of many virtues.

King. I never heard him called virtuous before.

Countess. A man may have many virtues and yet not be virtuous. But he is a good man and I dare say an extraordinary and most useful secretary.

King. I should not wonder if there are others just as good.

Countess. It has been a long time since England had one as good.

King. Upon my soul, your zeal is truly commendable. I think it is worthy of a better cause.

Countess. Upon that point we differ. It is in a good cause. Has your grace ever given my lord's brother the rank he wanted?

King. Not yet.

Countess. And are you going to do so?

King. I have not decided.

Countess. What need is there for hesitation? He is fully qualified, fully deserving and I think my Lord Chesterfield has a claim on you to the extent of an office for his brother.

King. My Lord might have ransacked the four corners of the earth and not have found a more earnest advocate.

Countess. Now, you are jealous. Ah, don't deny it. If there is anything a woman can tell it is when a man is jealous.

King. They ought to be able to do so. They usually practice it enough. But you are quite mistaken.

Countess. Ah, no I am not. You ought to be ashamed to grow jealous of your Walmoden because she admires another man.

King. It was only admiration, then?

Countess. There, I knew you were jealous, and now you have admitted it. That is just like a man. Certainly, it was admiration—nothing more. A woman may admire many men—she can love but one. You know whom I love.

(Puts her arms about his neck and kisses him.)

King. The Queen is in the next room.

Countess. Indeed? And what do I care for that. There is no law against kissing. And I will kiss you as often as I please, Queen or no Queen. But tell me are you going to give George Stanhope the rank of colonel?

King. I cannot say.

Countess. Why can't you say? You do not have to consult anyone. It is simply yes or no. Come, say yes and I'll kiss you again.

King. But this is a matter which ought to be considered.

Countess. O, bother the consideration! Make the appointment first and consider it afterwards. Yes or no, which shall it be? I must be off.

King. I'll make him colonel.

Countess. There, I knew you would, (kisses him) you dear old fellow. I'll kiss you again (kisses him) just for good measure. But I really must be going. Goodbye, sweetheart, till we meet again.

King. Don't stay too long.

Countess. What is too long?

King. Thirty minutes.

Countess. You dear fellow. You are taking lessons from Lord Chesterfield—and by the way that reminds me of the object of my visit.

King. Indeed? I would like for you to come sometime without an object.

Countess. There are certain parties, so I hear, who are endeavoring to have my Lord Chesterfield dismissed.

King. Indeed?

Countess. I fear you are not as ignorant as you appear. Promise me you will countenance no such plot.

King. I have heard of no such plot.

Countess. Promise me you'll let me know in case they do appear. I would like to give them a piece of my mind.

King. I would caution you against so rash an act as that.

Countess. Your Grace is facetious.

King. It is a habit we kings have.

Countess. But you promise me.

King. I'll not forget it.

Countess. I knew you would do me that little favor. Good-bye, again (kisses him); I am off this time. (Throws him a kiss.)

*Exit* COUNTESS.

King. Some kisses come from the heart, some from the brain. The Countess kisses too often to mean it all. That which is uppermost in the mind is deepest in the heart. She says she only admires my Lord Chesterfield. Admiration is the bud the flower of which is love. I'll think of my Lord Chesterfield's dismissal. It may be best for the country.

*Enter* THE QUEEN.

Queen. Do I intrude?

King. You never do.

Queen. I am careful to select my time—otherwise I might.

King. What do you mean?

Queen. I mean that three make a crowd. What was the Countess talking about?

King. Of many things.

Queen. How many?

King. I cannot say.

Queen. Did she speak of anything except my Lord Chesterfield?

King. I am not sure. Why do you ask?

Queen. I heard her tell my lord that her mission was complete; that she had done him excellent service. He replied that he owed her a kiss for that and she said she usually preferred to collect her debts promptly. I heard no more.

King. Your modesty overcame you in the nick of time.

Queen. By this time they had gotten out of hearing.

King. Do you mean to say you were eaves-dropping?

Queen. Call it that if you like, it is a woman's right. The manner is not material, I heard those words.

King. My dear, I fear you are jealous.

Queen. Oh, no, not I, indeed.

King. You ought to love the Walmoden, for she loves me.

Queen. Then her heart must be big enough for two.

*Enter LORD STAIR and SIR PAUL METHUEN.*

Lord S. May we come in?

Queen. Indeed, you may and be quite welcome. We were just discussing the matter of my Lord Chesterfield's dismissal.

Lord S. The discussion is certainly timely, if I might venture an opinion. The people have discussed it for some time. They say the king is but a figure head through which my Lord Chesterfield gives commands.

King. By Jove, if you say that you lie!

Lord S. May it please your Grace, I did not say it. I only tell you what the people say.

King. Why, damn it then, the people lie.

Lord S. May it please your Grace, I don't doubt that, they often do. I only tell you what they say.

King. What business is it of their's who commands, what interest have they in the government, anyhow?

Sir Paul. I would hate to undertake to answer that, but they are fully convinced that my Lord Chesterfield is humored in his slightest whim.

King. They seem to know more than the facts warrant.

Queen. Your Grace knows my Lord Chesterfield is given what he wants merely for the asking.

King. I know no such thing.

*Enter LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

Lord C. I beg a thousand pardons if I intrude.

King. Come in my lord, we are here for business.

Lord C. It will take but a moment if you will excuse his Grace.

Lord S. Why certainly, my lord, we would not think of interrupting the king's business.

King. What is it my lord?

Lord C. A commission, if it pleases your Grace.

King. Let me see it. (Hands him commission.) No, I cannot agree to this.

Lord C. He is a man of undisputed qualities. What objection has your Grace to offer?

King. No, I cannot do it. By Jove, I would rather have the devil.

Lord C. With all my heart. I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is indited to our right trusty and right well beloved cousin.

King. My lord, do as you please.

Lord C. I thank you Grace.

*Exit LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

Queen. That proves the charge.

King. What charge?

Queen. That my lord is really king.

King. It is well this comes from you.

Queen. It is true no matter whence it comes.

Lord S. May it please your Grace, my lord presents an obnoxious commission. You refuse it. What then? A smile, a honied word, and you grant it.

Queen. What further proof could anyone desire? I think we had better acknowledge my lord as king and the Countess his chief secretary.

King. Oh, damn the Countess?

Queen. If my Lord Chesterfield fails in anything, he sends the Countess. She prepares the way and his failure becomes success. And then they laugh with each other over your cupidity.

*Enter LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

Lord C. I beg your Grace's pardon a second time for my intrusion.

King. My lord, I think it most untimely.

Lord C. You said you were here for business.

King. No matter what I said, I am not. Let the matter wait.

Lord C. May it please your Grace, it is most important. If you will but read it.

(Hands him paper.)

King. Let it wait, I say. I'll not be bothered now!

Lord C. As your Grace pleases. I trust I have not offended.

King. But, damn it, you have.

(Tears up the paper and throws it on floor.)

Lord C. Then I offer you my humble and most sincere apology and ask your Majesty to overlook my error.

King. I have done that too often, now.

Lord C. May it please your Grace, I think I know the reason for all this and will save you further trouble. The seals when tendered me were not solicited. A minister though subservient to the king is not a slave. Your Majesty may act upon my resignation.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. PLACE—*London. Room in Lord Chesterfield's House.*

*Present*—LORD CHESTERFIELD. seated writing.

*Enter*—JOHN.

John. The Duchess of Halifax.

*Enter* DUCHESS OF HALIFAX.

Duchess. My lord, you seem busy.

Lord C. My dear Duchess, I humbly beg your pardon, I had not heard you. You know I am as deaf as a post and almost as blind. But have a seat. Upon my soul, I think I have lost my manners with my health.

Duchess. How is your health, my lord?

Lord C. Poorly, my dear Duchess, very poorly indeed. What with deafness and blindness and rheumatism, I think I grow weaker every day. If this continues I will be in the hands of the undertaker before long.

Duchess. Oh, fie, my lord, don't talk that way. You will live a long time yet. You are not an old man by any means.

Lord C. You know I would not dispute your word. Duchess, for the world, but I must protest that your good nature overcomes your memory. To-day is my birthday.

Duchess. I had not forgotten, my lord. The purpose of my visit was to congratulate you and wish you many happy returns.

Lord C. Thank you Duchess, thank you heartily. I knew you would not forget me, but I cannot wish for many returns of the day, happy or unhappy. Sixty-six and six makes seventy-two—a nice margin over man's allotted time.

Duchess. But my lord, you have gotten very little enjoyment out of those two years.

Lord C. That may be true, but whose fault is it? Physical



ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life, some are taxed lower, some higher, but all pay something.

Duchess. I think you have been called upon to pay at least your full share.

Lord C. I appreciate your sympathy, Duchess, and thank you for it, but my philosophy teaches me to reflect how much higher rather than how much lower I might have been taxed. I mentioned this to Lord Tyrawley a few days ago and he quite agreed with me.

Duchess. By the way, how is your old friend? I have not seen him in a century.

Lord C. He is kept busy dodging the doctor and the undertaker, which is about the only sport we old people have.

Duchess. My lord does not go out much now, does he?

Lord C. Oh, no indeed, we are both of us more snails than men; to tell you the truth, we have both been dead these two years but we didn't care to have it known.

*Enter JOHN.*

John. Lady Gertrude Hotham.

*Enter LADY GERTRUDE HOTHAM.*

Lady Gertrude. My dear lord, how do you do? I just ran in to congratulate you and—

Lord C. See if I was still alive. Such a sisterly interest. I assure you I appreciate it.

Lady Gertrude. Now you are scolding me. I'll wager you did not scold the Duchess, and she is here on the same mission.

Duchess. You are quite right Gertrude, my lord and I were comparing notes.

Lady Gertrude. To see which was the older?

Lord C. We were discussing the age of our friends. O, damnation! I beg a thousand pardons, ladies, it was only a twitch of the rheumatism and I have fallen into the habit of abusing it to myself as a sort of comfort.

Duchess. Are you quite sure it is the rheumatism, my lord?

Lord C. Indeed, I am afraid it is. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman, whereas the rheumatism is the distemper of a hackney coachman or chairman who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

Lady Gertrude. My lord, you should take a trip to Wales.

Lord C. I fear I could not bear it.

Lady Gertrude. It would help you. I am sure it would. Would it not, Duchess?

Duchess. It is just the thing for him. The air is dry and crisp and pure.

Lady Gertrude. And then there are the mountains and the streams of clear, sparkling waters and the scenery and the new faces, and all that.

Lord C. And the Methodist seminaries, eh ladies? Where they hold it wrong for women to wear jewelry or dance or do anything else in which they find amusement, and where they think a man is going to hell immediately if he plays cards, drinks wine and talks of women—except his mother or his sister. I do not think I was cut out for a Methodist, and I am sure my early training was not in that direction.

Lady Gertrude. But you exaggerate the doctrines of our church.

Lord C. You could hardly be called an unbiased judge, my dear Gertrude, for you have become such a strict follower that I understand you hold that kissing is a sin.

Lady Gertrude. Oh, indeed, it is, my lord.

Lord C. Then if kissing is a sin, why were men and women given mouths? They could have talked through their noses just as well—in fact, a great many prefer that method anyway.

Duchess. My lord, you jest. You need not go near a seminary if you do not wish.

Lord C. But who is to keep them away from me? I am quite sure you both would like to care for my spiritual as well as my temporal welfare, and I thank you for it. It is quite kind of you to place me away off in the country where there are no persons but innocent ones and very few of them. I think I must decline. I have always preferred to die before being buried.

Lady Gertrude. It is just the place for you anyway. The prospects are so grand.

Lord C. No, ladies, I thank you, but I do not love such tremendous prospects. When the faith of your ladyships has removed the mountains I will go to Wales with all my heart.

Lady Gertrude. We won't quarrel about this on your birthday, but I must be going. I did not bring you a present because I knew your views on such practices.

Lord C. I have always maintained that presents should never be given to any but children and newly married people, and I do not think any one would class me under either head at present. I thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Duchess. I'll go with you, Gertrude, if you do not object.

Lord C. You make your visits short.

Duchess. But sweet, my lord.

Lord C. In my younger days I would have added that myself.

*Exeunt LADY GERTRUDE and THE DUCHESS.*

They are in a hurry, as usual. Women are always so. They came into the world a little late and have been trying ever since to make up the lost time. I must finish this letter to-day or it will miss the next mail and the boy will be disappointed.

*Enter JOHN.*

John. My Lord March.

*Enter LORD MARCH.*

Lord M. Good day, my lord. I hope I find you improving on this anniversary.

Lord C. My lord, I appreciate your good will in the premises but your hopes are wholly groundless, for the rheumatism has absolutely reduced me to the miserable situation of the sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs—but tell me the news. Upon my soul, I have gotten so in the habit of grumbling to myself that I can hardly stop it. What is being done in parliament?

Lord M. Parliament is at sea about what to do with the colonies.

Lord C. I have always thought parliament had enough to do without trying to prescribe laws for America.

Lord M. The trouble is not in passing laws. This they have done, but these laws are now being violated—and not merely violated but openly defied. It has been more than six months now since the stamp act was passed and yet there has not been a cent paid.

Lord C. In my opinion the refusal is truly commendable because wholly justified.

Lord M. And that is the view taken by a great many. The administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those forward children of their mother country.

Lord C. It is much the wiser course.

Lord M. But the opposition are for taking vigorous measures.

Lord C. A little concession is better. For my part I never saw a forward child mended by whipping, and I would not have the mother country become a step mother.

Lord M. My lord, I do not doubt but that your views are correct.

Lord C. Mark my prediction, March, such acts as these are going to lead to revolution. I may not live to see it, but you will. What the result will be cannot be foretold, but there will be bloodshed. But tell me, is there anything interesting at court?

Lord M. Nothing new there except my Lord Waldegrave is expecting to be made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Lord C. My Lord Waldegrave! And is the King really considering him seriously?

Lord M. To all appearances. His friends urge that he has rendered excellent service to the King of late.

Lord C. And do they think that qualifies him?

Lord M. I suppose so.

Lord C. That would be a misfortune, indeed. It is true he did render good service, which was the more wondered at because entirely unexpected, but must service be rewarded by office when there is no merit? It is a bad precedent to say the least. I

know of no former instance of the kind. I remember to have read in history that Rome was saved by geese, but I do not remember that those geese were made consuls. Placing my Lords Waldegrave and Doddington in important positions is indeed absurd.

Lord M. The friends of my Lord Doddington have withdrawn his application since his quarrel with my Lord Bute.

Lord C. What quarrel?

Lord M. Is it possible you had not heard of it? Why, it is the talk of all the clubs, though I do not believe it has gotten into any of the papers as yet.

Lord C. How am I to hear the talk of the clubs when I never go to them—and they never come to me.

Lord M. I had forgot my lord, and beg your pardon. Doddington accuses my Lord Bute of having made some slighting remarks about him at the club a few nights since. It was thought for awhile that there would be a duel.

Lord C. I should never look for a duel between those two, but what was it Bute said?

Lord M. It is claimed that he used language to the effect that Doddington would give one limb to wear a garter on the other.

Lord C. And has it come to this that a man cannot tell the truth in the club without being threatened with a duel?

Lord M. Take care, my lord, or he will make you co-respondent.

Lord C. Has he filed suit, then?

Lord M. He is going to do so. He says his character has been injured.

Lord C. And he is going to the law to mend it.

Lord M. That is what he proposes.

Lord C. It will do him no good. The law was not made for such purposes, besides I have always found that the character that needs the law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

*Enter JOHN.*

John. The Countess of Yarmouth.

*Enter* COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.

Countess. My lord, good evening. I was passing and could not resist stopping in to congratulate you and wish you many, many returns of the day. No really, I have no time to sit down.

Lord M. My lord, I'll bid you good day.

Countess. Wait a minute, my lord, and I'll go with you.

Lord M. I'll wait two minutes for that.

Lord C. You are cheating me, Countess.

Countess. I promised his majesty that I would return early.

Lord C. I always yield to the King.

Countess. Before I go I want to know if what I hear is true of your brother and his wife?

Lord C. Yes, it is all true. I arranged the treaty myself. The only solid and lasting peace between a man and his wife is doubtless, a separation.

Countess. I thought it was your work. Come March, we will go, for I know my lord soon tires of the company of us young people. Good-bye, my lord.

*Exeunt* COUNTESS and LORD MARCH.

Lord C. Friends are like troubles, they never come singly.  
(Rings.)

*Enter* JOHN.

John. My lord.

Lord C. John, lock the door and refuse to answer the bell.

John. Yes, my lord.

Lord C. But, John.

John. Yes, my lord.

Lord C. Do not fail to see who calls and let me know. That will do.

John. Yes, my lord.

*Exit* JOHN.

SCENE II. *The Same. Hall in Lord Chesterfield's House.**Present*—JOHN (opening door).*Enter* DAYROLLES.

Day. Good morning, John. How is your master?

John. No better, sir.

Day. Is he very ill?

John. The doctor says very, indeed, sir.

Day. Who is with him?

John. Lady Gertrude and the Duchess of Halifax are the only ones at present. The doctor has just gone and my Lord March and the Countess of Yarmouth have both been here this forenoon.

Day. Can I see him, John?

John. I think so, sir. Will you come this way?

*Exeunt* JOHN and DAYROLLES.SCENE III. *The Same. Room in Lord Chesterfield's House.**Present*—LORD CHESTERFIELD (on couch).

LADY GERTRUDE HOTHAM and DUCHESS OF HALIFAX.

*Enter* JOHN (with card).

Duchess. Dayrolles; his old friend! Show him in John, but warn him that my lord is asleep.

*Exit* JOHN.*Enter* DAYROLLES and JOHN.

Day. My dear Duchess and Lady Gertrude, how is your patient?

Duchess. Resting some easier just now, but I assure you we are glad to see you.

Lady Gertrude. Indeed, we are.

Day. I thank you both.

Duchess. He will be delighted to see you. He speaks of you continually.

Day. He does me too much honor.

Lady Gertrude. He considers you his best friend. Ah, I believe he is awake. (Goes to couch.) My lord, how do you feel?

Lord C. Some better, thank you. Has March gone?

Lady Gertrude. Yes, but Dayrolles is here.

Lord C. Ah, old friend, how good of you to come.

Day. My lord, I would come ten times as far to comfort you.

Lord C. I know you would, Dayrolles, I know you would. But you must be weary. Sit down and tell me what you know. John, John, give Dayrolles a chair. (Falls back.)

Day. Quick, a doctor!

Duchess. The doctor, John, at once.

*Exit JOHN.*

Lady Gertrude. I'll send for Dr. Warren, also.

Duchess. Yes, do, we had better have them both.

Day. Never mind that. There is no need for either, now. He is dead.





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